

Netflix and Thrill by **Luddleston**

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Summary:

The more horrifying thing about college isn't terrible roommates, uncomfortable one-night stands, or campus food. No, it's group projects. At least, that's what Dorian thinks.

They're all that more terrible when one of your partners is a huge, hugely annoying Qunari who's not the least bit sexy. Certainly not. Ahem. Perhaps a little.

Netflix and Thrill

Author's Note:

- For [SizzlyCrisp](#).

I wrote the second half of this while kinda drunk and watching Sinbad, didn't edit it, and just posted it, so, uh, if it's terrible, blame peach schnapps.

Things Dorian hated went in this order: political corruption in Tevinter, wet dogs anywhere in his proximity, and group projects.

The first he avoided by moving to Ferelden for school, the second, by having decent friends who didn't own dogs (sorry, Cullen). Group projects, however. He knew his General Ferelden History class would have a big group presentation, and he was praying to Andraste, the Maker, and whoever else felt like listening that Prof Mahariel would let them choose their own groups, and that by some miracle, he'd actually make friends with another human being in that class.

Unfortunately, the groups were pre-assigned. The horror.

Even worse, Dorian was in a group with Giselle, who hated him because he was Tevene, a mage, gay, and apparently promiscuous, although he wasn't sure where that idea came from, because he'd had sex exactly zero times since the start of the semester. He did masturbate a lot, though. Were Southern Andrastians against that?

Then there was Seamus, who was so busy trying to save the nugs, or whatever, that he had no time for Gen History. Dorian personally thought five activist groups was enough for one person, but Seamus didn't agree, which, of course, was his prerogative. Even if it did mean his availability was narrowed down to half an hour on Tuesdays.

They weren't even bad, oh no, the worst of all was the giant, overly flirty Qunari who spent most of his time hitting on Dorian (his idea of a stupid

joke, probably) and the rest listening to trashy pop music. Dorian would have done a lot to avoid being grouped with the Iron Bull (ridiculous name), but alas, he was stuck with the Bull, and with the Bull's horrid taste in flannel shirts (pink plaid, really?) for the better part of the semester.

Which meant, of course, that he was going to be stuck trying his best to convince himself that he did *not* think the Bull was sexy, even though he was one of the most attractive men Dorian knew, and he'd recently had a very salacious dream involving massage oil, a huge fish tank, and Bull. Well. The subconscious mind, as far as Dorian knew, was nothing much to go on when it came to whether or not he would sleep with someone.

If there was one thing Bull was good for, at least, it was communication. He'd set up a group chat (without asking whether or not any of them hated group chats, which Dorian did, of course, because they were horrendous things created solely to annoy him into turning his phone off), and texted everyone asking if they were free on Saturday to meet at Bull's house and work on the project. Dorian, sadly, was free. He responded with a casual, *"I'll be there, do you need me to bring anything?"* and rolled his eyes when Bull told him he only had to bring—quote—yourself, gorgeous—unquote.

So, Dorian ended up walking to the little cul-de-sac of student houses on the edge of campus on his Saturday evening. Bull had described his as "the one with the big-ass Jeep out front," and he was not wrong. Dorian knocked and heard a small commotion inside, and a sound which he guessed was either someone falling over, or a wall decoration coming loose from its nail.

A smiling, blonde elf answered the door, beckoning Dorian inside. She had half her head shaved, like she was trying to be trendy, and she was dressed in a sweater that was far too big for her and black leggings. If not for the green tattoos, she would've looked like every other girl on campus. "Hey!" she greeted him, "you must be here for Bull's group project thingy."

"I am," Dorian said, glad he had the right house. "Where is he?"

"His room's that way," she said, gesturing down a short hallway. "only one down there."

Dorian would have knocked, but the door was ajar, a brick serving as a doorstop, so he just stuck his head through. “Bull?”

“Yeah?”

“Am I the first one here?” Dorian asked. No surprise, Fereldens had no sense of proper punctuality. At least they weren't as bad as Orlesians, who were “fashionably late” to everything.

“Yep,” Bull said. He was sprawled out on a futon, his laptop on his stomach, one ear bud in and the other dangling off the side. Dorian supposed standard headphones wouldn't work for a Qunari, after all. He closed his laptop and set it on a footstool nearby, patting the futon as an indication for Dorian to take a seat. Bull's room was a little messy, books spread out in a corner and one of his dresser drawers partway open, but his bed was made (the sheets were pink), and the only scattered clothes were a hoodie tossed over the back of the futon and a pair of sweatpants on the floor next to the bed. Better than Dorian's roommate, in any case.

Dorian sat next to him, dropping his bag on the floor by his feet. “We could get started, at least.”

“Sure thing,” Bull said, pulling their history textbook out of a stack on the shelf. When he set it on the table in front of them, he yawned hugely. “Been studying for Psych, sorry, my brain's kinda fried.”

“You're in Gen Psych too?” Dorian asked. It was a required class, so there must have been multiple classes, because he would've known if Bull was in his.

“Nope, I'm a psychology major.”

“Wouldn't have guessed it,” Dorian said, looking through his notes from last week's class just to seem like he was doing something.

“What would you have guessed?”

“Hm. I didn't think about it.”

Both of their phones buzzed at the same time, a message from Seamus along the lines of, “sorry, won’t be there, had a thing.”

Dorian sighed and responded to a text from Rilenus with, “no, I’m not coming to Val Royeaux this winter,” because Rilenus needed to learn that he couldn’t booty-call someone who was in another country. He set his phone down.

“Time to start researching the First Blight, then?” Dorian asked.

“Yeah...” Bull was still staring at his phone. “Giselle’s not coming either. Apparently something came up at the Chantry where she volunteers.”

“And of course, she refuses to text the ‘Vint about it,” Dorian said.

“Oh? Didn’t realize you were one of those.” Bull flipped his textbook open to the section their presentation was covering—apparently, it was easier to split the class up into five groups and have each report on one of the Blights. Easier for Prof Mahariel, maybe. Not easier for his unfortunate, socially-disinclined students.

“How could you not, when I’m the only decently fashionable person in this entire school?”

“Humans all look the same,” Bull said with a shrug. “And fashion? If you actually think I know anything about that, you might need to actually wear your glasses for once.”

Dorian didn’t ask how Bull he knew about the glasses.

Turns out, Bull wasn’t actually that horrible a study partner, excepting the occasional innuendo and the fact that he wanted to make their presentation slides that awful shade of pink. He did, however, get frustrated eventually, more with himself than anything. “I’m too tired to think about this,” he sighed, leaning back and rubbing the bridge of his nose. “Fucking stupid.”

“I concur,” Dorian replied. “Should we try to set up another meeting and hope the others finally show up?”

“We could try it,” Bull said, “not likely, but hey.” He sent a message to the group text, and Dorian’s phone buzzed. He set it on silent. Group texting sort of fell apart when two of the participants were in the same room.

“I suppose I should just return whenever that is?”

“I mean, yeah, but you don’t have to leave,” Bull said, “If you don’t want, that is.” The end of his sentence was a little muffled, because he was working his hoodie off over his head, horns still getting stuck for a moment despite the wide neck. Under it, he was wearing a T-shirt that read... wait. What the actual fuck?

“Does that say...?”

“What you think it says, yeah,” Bull said, tugging on the hem of the shirt, which read, in huge block letters, “COME IN ME BRO.”

“Oh. I suppose that’s funny.” Despite the slogan’s desperate need for a comma, Dorian understood the parody. He just couldn’t tell if it was the only reason Bull was wearing the shirt, or if he actually... no. There was no way Bull was gay.

Bull laughed quietly, setting his book to the side, back in the same seemingly random place it had been before. “You suppose?”

“I mean, it’s not like I know whether you’re... never mind.” This was too personal a conversation for someone he had one class with and was only hanging around because he was being literally forced to by academia.

“I’m what?”

“...serious about it, I suppose, would be the best way to say it. But you aren’t. Well.”

“Gay? Nah. I’m pan,” Bull said, and Dorian gave him a curious look. “Pansexual? They don’t talk about that in Tevinter, do they?”

The only things Dorian had learned about sexuality in Tevinter had come from dictionary definitions and Rilenus telling him how to get around

blocked servers. "They do not," he said.

"It means I don't care what anyone's got in their pants or what gender they call themselves, if I think they're hot, I'm still gonna get on that."

A crude definition, but Dorian supposed he understood. "It explains why you've been flirting with me, at least. I am, after all, quite handsome."

"You are."

Well. Dorian hadn't exactly expected him to *agree*. He floundered for a moment, trying to think of something else to say, something that didn't involve whether or not Bull found him attractive, but he was, for once in his life, at a loss for words.

"Well, I'm probably gonna drink a beer or two and watch Netflix," Bull said. "You up for that?"

He was so incredibly up for that. Dorian lived in a dry dorm, and he was under the legal drinking age in Ferelden for another six months or so, and he was *suffering*. "I may be," he replied, trying to aim for casual.

"Cool. What's your opinion on competitive cooking shows?"

Dorian, as it turned out, did not have much of an opinion on competitive cooking shows, so he and Bull ended up watching Cutthroat Kitchen with a partway-empty six-pack on the coffee table. Ferelden as a whole seemed to have absolutely terrible taste in beer—cheap, impure, stuff that Dorian wouldn't have even let through his front door in Tevinter, much less his throat. It was, however, absolutely delicious. And Dorian had always had a weakness for anything carbonated. He was sitting closer to Bull than he had been, within range for Bull to clap him on the shoulder whenever he got excited about something in the show.

"Always thought I'd be good at one of these things," Bull said, while they watched a woman attempt to use children's scissors to cut a steak. "Cooking challenges, you know."

"I'm sure you could just intimidate your competitors into giving you the prize."

Bull took another drink. Dorian watched the way his throat moved as he swallowed. "Nah, I'm not that intimidating. Do you find me intimidating, Dorian?" He said it with a leer, the kind of look that meant there was no good answer.

Dorian nudged Bull in the shin with his heel. "I used to. Not so much now that I know your favorite color's pink and your life goal is to be on the Food Network."

"Excuse you, my life goal is to see a dragon in person," Bull said, knocking his knee against Dorian's. "The cooking show thing is just because I'm a damn good cook."

"Are you certain? Have you had this verified?" Dorian teased.

"I mean, Krem says I don't do spices right, apparently, but for the most part, people like my cooking. I should make you dinner sometime. You're scrawny."

"I'm *svelte*," Dorian corrected.

"Sure. That."

They sat in silence for a while, Dorian just on the edge of tipsy. There was no way two beers would push his limits, even if he had been sober for a few months now. Bull leaned forward to play the next episode, and Dorian probably should have fixated a little less on the way Bull's shirt rode up when he stretched. Objectively, Bull was attractive. Muscular, tall, sweet smile, just the right amount of stubble, and the cleverness wasn't hurting anything, either.

Bull settled back and threw his arms over the back of the couch, so one of them would have been around Dorian's shoulders, were he sitting any closer. He moved closer to Bull subtly, trying to pretend it was because his current position put Bull's hand in danger of messing up his hair.

“Hey,” Bull said.

“What?”

“Are we like... Netflix-and-chilling?”

“Ha! Most certainly not,” Dorian laughed, leaning his head back until the back of his neck rested on Bull’s arm. “That would require you actually making a move on me.”

“Aww, Dorian, all you had to do was ask,” Bull said, taking his hand from behind Dorian’s head and laying it on his thigh, just above his knee. His palm was warm through Dorian’s jeans, and he froze, heart pounding.

“Ah... what?”

“Oh, was that not what you were getting at?” Bull removed his hand, placing it on his own knee. “Sorry, man.”

“No, it’s...” *It’s fine, it’s great, please touch me again, for the love of all that is holy.* “It’s okay.”

“Cool. That’s cool.” Bull leaned back, and it was around then that Dorian realized Bull wasn’t going to touch him again unless he initiated it. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He could do this. He remembered pressing himself up against Rilenus’ back, or purposefully letting his hand brush against another man’s at a party.

Dorian laid a hand on Bull’s shoulder. “I really don’t mind. Quite the opposite, actually.”

“Dude, are you trying to flirt with me? If you are, you kinda suck at it,” Bull said. “I’d definitely need two eyes to see what you’re doing there.”

Dorian sat up on his knees, facing Bull, his calf pressed against Bull’s thigh. “You have five seconds to kiss me before I leave.”

Bull was quick to respond, one huge hand grabbing the back of Dorian’s neck as he pulled him forward, lips pressing against Dorian’s messily, at an

off-angle. Dorian kicked one leg over Bull's so he was straddling his thigh, and pulled himself closer, hands on Bull's shoulders. Bull kissed well, just enough pressure, and he looped an arm around Dorian's waist. Dorian was admittedly handsy, touching the Bull's chest and shoulders, thumbs tracing his collarbone, fingers following the shape of his jaw.

Then, there was the matter of the show still going in the background—some woman was sobbing because she'd forgotten to put the lid on the blender and tomato sauce exploded all over the kitchen. Bull leaned over to pause it, and it pushed him even closer to Dorian. The motion also pushed Dorian's face against Bull's neck, so he kissed him there, lips making little sucking noises when Bull dislodged him.

"Hey," Bull said, resting one hand on Dorian's cheek. "Hey, what are we doing?"

"You're about to kiss me again," Dorian said, stretching toward him, but Bull held his shoulders, didn't move for his lips again.

"Dorian, I know you've heard about the kind of stuff I do. I sleep around a little, it's a thing, people talk about it. I'm hard to miss," Bull said, "and so I need to know—do you actually want to fuck tonight, or do you just want to kiss a little and go back to watching cooking shows? Because I'd be cool with either."

Dorian sighed. "I don't know." It was honest, at least. Not helpful, but honest.

"We can just go, and if you want to stop, you can let me know," Bull suggested. "But, you have to promise you'll actually let me know if something's throwing you off."

"I can't make many promises, but that one doesn't seem too difficult," Dorian said.

Bull smiled. "Good. Tell me to stop, and I will, I swear."

Dorian shifted a little closer to him, enough that his chest was pressed to Bull's. "I'm not telling you to stop now," he said, and Bull kissed him again, warm hands on his back. Bull worried at a spot under his jaw, and Dorian grabbed one of his wrists, pushing his hand down until Bull's hand was on his ass. Bull got the memo and groped him *very* thoroughly, rubbing his thumb over the middle seam of Dorian's jeans, his other hand slipping under Dorian's shirt to feel over his spine and the dimples above his ass. Between Bull sucking on his neck and squeezing his ass, Dorian was getting hard faster than he had in ages, and he ground down against Bull's thigh. The position made it hard for him to do much else, but he felt Bull's teeth on his neck and any complaints he had were gone to the wind.

He felt down Bull's chest to his belly, skirted his fingertips along the waistband of Bull's sweats. It was easy to feel how hard Bull was in these, and considering how impressive the tent he was pitching looked, he was just as big as Dorian would have imagined. If, of course, he'd been imagining. Which he had not. Dorian laid his palm over Bull's crotch, gave him a few, quick strokes and got another bite to the neck for it. He found himself suddenly glad his scarf collection was so impressive.

"Dorian," Bull said, and Dorian wasn't proud to admit that he'd shivered a little. "Hey. I'm good to fool around like this for as long as you wanna, but..."

"Andraste's ass, let me get naked already," Dorian said, leaning back and yanking his shirt off. He could hear a few threads pop, and was only a little annoyed for it. Bull whistled, long and low, ran his fingers down Dorian's sides, stopping with his thumbs in the grooves of Dorian's hips.

"May I?"

"Oh, I insist," Dorian replied, and then laughed when Bull pressed one loud kiss to his chest, in the center of his sternum, and tugged open Dorian's jeans. If the way he rubbed his thumb over the head of Dorian's cock while he did it was intentional, Dorian wouldn't have known. Bull made everything seem natural, easy, like he really was just *that* sexy. Perhaps he was. Dorian would be fucked in more ways than one if that were true. "Bull, I want..."

“Hm?” Bull asked, still feeling him up through his boxer-briefs.

“Bed. Now,” Dorian clarified, and instead of letting Dorian awkwardly disentangle himself, Bull lifted him with two one hand under his ass and one around his back, letting him tumble back onto the pink bedspread like he did this every day. Although, if the rumors about Bull were true, perhaps he did.

Bull took his shirt off before climbing on top of Dorian, using his weight to push Dorian into the mattress and keep him still while he kissed down his chest and stomach. Dorian might have found time to be glad the stupid shirt was gone, if he wasn’t distracted by Bull’s palm laying heavily over his cock.

“Want me to suck you off?” Bull asked, and Dorian liked to think he had the capability to respond with something other than a strangled, squeaky gasp and a hand clapped over his mouth, but he would’ve been wrong. What was this strange place he was in, where people *asked* that sort of thing. It was uncouth, and it made him unbelievably horny. “Or we could make good on the whole ‘come in me, bro’ thing.” It would’ve been sexy enough had Bull not punctuated it by kissing Dorian’s cock through his boxers.

As it were, Dorian found himself overcome by the notion of sending a thank-you note to every man he’d ever fucked back in Tevinter, or perhaps just to the Maker himself, for the simple fact that he’d built up his stamina enough not to come just from that.

“Yes. That. Yes, that,” he said, trying not to look quite like he was breathing so hard. Bull sat up a little and placed a hand in the middle of Dorian’s chest.

“Breathe, dude. The way you’re looking at me, it’s like no one’s ever asked you if you wanna fuck them before.”

“That would be accurate,” Dorian said, and one of Bull’s ears flicked—what a strange gesture—before he leaned down and gave Dorian a kiss that was no less intense than any of the others, but softer. He held Dorian’s jaw

while he did it, straddled him and rubbed against him, putting just enough pressure to make Dorian arch against him, but not enough that it was actually getting him off. As nice as the friction from his boxers and Bull's sweats (and, assumedly, whatever he was wearing under them) was, Dorian wanted them off.

He reached down and tugged and Bull's pants, and though it did nothing (hard to undress when you've got your legs wrapped around someone, he supposed), Bull got the picture. He disentangled them for a moment and pulled Dorian's boxers off first, squeezing Dorian's thigh hard with one hand before going up on his knees to pull his sweats off.

Oh. Apparently, Dorian didn't have to worry about what he was wearing under them.

"Are you really so ridiculously horny you can't wear underwear?"

"Hey, do I hear any complaining?" Bull grinned.

"None here," Dorian said.

"Good."

Bull reached for Dorian's hands, and Dorian let him pull until he was seated astride Bull's lap, the tip of his cock rubbing against Bull's. He barely gasped, but Bull kissed and bit him on the shoulder and whispered, "yeah, big guy, that's good, let me hear you." Dorian should have been surprised that that made him moan louder than anything, but he wasn't.

"So, you've never fucked anybody before?" Bull grabbed Dorian's ass and rocked him forward a little bit so his cock pressed against Bull's more fully.

"Mm! No," Dorian said, pressing his forehead to Bull's shoulder, glancing down to see them pressed together. *Fuck*, he was big.

"Damn shame," Bull said, "hang on, I'll be right back, I promise." He pressed a kiss to Dorian's forehead before tugging his pants back on and

ducking out the door.

“Where the hell do you think you’re going!?”

“Unless you think my condoms are gonna fit you, I’m gonna go steal one from Grim,” Bull said, and Dorian allowed it, but he wasn’t exactly happy about it. Especially considering it left him alone with his thoughts, which were along the line of *what the shit have you gotten yourself into this time, Pavus?*

This was stupid. He was not about to have a one-night stand with the only person on campus who didn’t seem to hate him on sight. He sat up, reached for his boxers (on the floor, on top of Bull’s sweatpants). If he got dressed and explained that he was a little too tipsy (not true) and this was against his better judgment (true), Bull probably wouldn’t mind. If he said he was uncomfortable with it, he knew Bull would help him pack up his stuff and probably make sure he got home okay. Even though that was a lie, and he was, in fact, *too* comfortable.

That was about when Bull walked back in.

“Everything okay?” he asked, catching the guilty look on Dorian’s face.

“Yes. Well. I. I think I should go.”

“What’s going on?” Bull asked, sticking the condom he was holding into the pocket of his sweats. “You didn’t seem nervous earlier, are you getting into your own head?”

Yes, he was. But he wasn’t about to tell Bull that. “Of course not. I just. I don’t want things to be weird.”

“It’s not going to be weird,” Bull said. “Okay, well, it’ll be a little weird. It’s sex. Sex is always a little weird. But I’m not going to treat you any different after, if that’s what you’re asking. You want me to never tell anyone, I’ll do that too. You want to leave, that’s fine, but I promise, I’m an expert at not getting weird. Getting freaky, however...”

“Very funny,” Dorian said, scoffing and rolling his eyes. “I just... every man I’ve ever slept with hasn’t spoken to me afterwards.” Except Rilenus, but he was a special case.

“You that bad?”

“Ha ha. No, that’s just how it’s done in Tevinter.”

“I know,” Bull said, sitting on the edge of the bed. He didn’t reach for Dorian, but he looked like he wanted to. “Doesn’t have to be like that here, though. But the rules still stand. Tell me if you don’t want to do something, and I’ll stop. We can go back to watching Netflix, if you don’t wanna leave.”

Oh, he was going to do this, wasn’t he?

Dorian reached for Bull, laid a hand on his wrist. “I want to stay,” he said.

“Just stay?”

“I want to take you.”

Bull paused for a long moment, then grinned at Dorian. “Holy *shit*, that was the sexiest thing I’ve ever heard. Just like, give me a minute. I need to remember this forever.”

Dorian threw Bull’s own T-shirt at his head and got it stuck on the left horn. “Shut up, it wasn’t that good.”

“So, you’re saying you’ve got better,” Bull surmised, disentangling himself from his shirt. “‘Cuz that’s what I’m hearing.”

“I may,” Dorian said, inching closer to him, rubbing his thumb over the wet spot on Bull’s sweatpants, clearly visible in the light gray fabric. Bull didn’t even try not to moan.

“Come here, kiss me. Let me suck you off until you get hard again,” Bull said, and Dorian gladly obliged. Bull adjusted them so he was laying on his back with Dorian sitting astride him, straddling his waist. Bull rubbed his

thighs like he was trying to massage away the tension, especially gentle on the places where he'd left bruises earlier. "You're gonna have to get up here if you want my mouth on you," he said, grabbing Dorian's ass and pulling him forward.

Dorian moved up somewhat awkwardly, and Bull urged him up until he was sitting with his knees on either side of Bull's neck. "Can I eat you out?" Bull asked, and took Dorian's far-too-high moan as a yes.

Even though he had a hand shoved over his mouth, he was pretty sure Bull heard him saying, "please, fuck, yes." Bull ate ass like a man on a mission, if his mission was something like "get Dorian hard fast enough that he has no blood left in his brain to avoid yelling stupid things." Dorian was nervous to hold onto his horns, because he wasn't sure if it'd hurt, but he let his fingertips brush them, fingers curled loosely around them.

"Bull. You need to stop if you want me to actually fuck you," he said, hands tightening on Bull's horns. Bull had his fingers pressed to Dorian's hips, and he hummed against his perineum when Dorian yelled, "fuck!"

Bull tipped Dorian back until he was laying in his lap, legs around Bull's waist. In this position, Bull could have been fucking him, but there was no way *that* was fitting in him. "Give me a hot second," Bull said, reaching for the water bottle on his beside table. He took a long drink and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, then leaned down and kissed Dorian's stomach. "Okay. You ready?"

"I feel like I should be asking you that," Dorian said, and Bull chuckled. Dorian could feel it against his skin.

"Lemme find my lube," he said, reaching into the drawer on his bedside table and pulling out a bottle that was certainly too big to be lubricant. Apparently, though, it was, and Bull thumbed the cap open and then squeezed some into his palm. Dorian watched him, a little fascinated, as he spread it over his fingers. Dorian had done this to himself a number of times, but he'd never watched anyone else do it. It was an effort to tear his eyes away so he could unwrap the condom, and his hands shook when he put it on. Not to mention, Bull had left his lamp on, so the room was

illuminated enough that Dorian could see every motion of his fingers. He was certain that if he was behind Bull, he'd be able to see the way he slid his middle finger inside himself, but he enjoyed the expression on Bull's face even more. He looked like he enjoyed it, like he did this all the time and it was an easy, pleasant feeling, nothing nervous, nothing shameful. "Like what you see?" Bull asked, grinning down at him.

"Mm-hm."

"That's good. Damn, Dorian, you're gonna feel so good inside me. It's been a long time since I've been fucked by a guy as big as you, damn." He breathed heavy on the end of his sentences.

"Then it must have been a long time in general. I'm not that impressive," Dorian said.

"Oh, I think you're pretty impressive." Bull winked.

"Cut it out, you lug. How do you plan on doing this, by the way? I'm not exactly big enough to pin you down and. Well. Do something licentious, I'm sure."

"Oh, I don't need to be pinned down and ravaged to have a good time," Bull said, laying back, with one hand framing his cock. Dorian could see little trails of lube on his thighs, shining in the lamplight. Bull couldn't fuck himself from this position unless he did some serious maneuvering, and from the way he was looking at Dorian, he didn't intend on waiting much longer. "You wanna, though? I'd enjoy it."

"Ridiculous," Dorian said, shaking his head and trying to pretend he wasn't utterly charmed. He scooted forward on the bed until he was between Bull's thighs, and traced his fingers up the underside of Bull's cock, absent-minded. "This is... I mean, you're okay with this, right?"

"Yeah, dude, wouldn't've done it otherwise," Bull said, taking one of Dorian's hands in his (the sticky one, ugh) and pulling him closer, so that his cock bumped up against the underside of Bull's balls.

“Could you please *refrain* from calling me ‘dude’ while I’m fucking you.”

“Fuck me, and we’ll be all good. Dude.”

Never let it be said that Dorian was anything if not into being told what to do. He pushed into Bull in one movement, only certain that he was doing everything right because Bull moaned and grunted, “fuck!”

It felt so good. Dorian assumed this was partially because he’d had nothing but his own hand for ages, but mostly because Bull’s hands were on his hips, showing him how to move, how to make it feel good. And there was the constant stream of dirty talk. “That’s good, Dorian, you feel so amazing, oh *shit*.”

When Dorian started to get his rhythm together and fuck Bull of his own accord, Bull stretched his arms over his head, and the way his biceps stood out was both purposeful and gorgeous. “Bull!” Dorian cried, losing track of his movements and digging his fingers into the thickest parts of Bull’s hips. He wished he were taller, so he could kiss Bull again, but it was just as good to have Bull swearing and moaning under him.

He wasn’t expecting Bull’s crushing grip on his biceps, or his legs tightening around Dorian’s hips when he came. “Should I...?” Dorian paused for just a moment, and Bull took him by the back of the neck.

“Keep going,” Bull urged him, “come in me, Dorian, come on.”

He bit a series of purple marks on Bull’s chest as he continued to fuck Bull, enjoying the way Bull’s thighs shook with overstimulation. He came with Bull whispering, “yeah, big guy, just like that, fuck me hard, come on.”

There was a rather nice moment where they both breathed hard for a little longer, and Dorian inched up so that Bull could kiss him, lips, cheek, neck, jaw, lips again. Dorian sighed happily into Bull’s shoulder, then again, unhappily, as Bull got up to clean the two of them up.

“Good, right?” Bull smiled at him, where he was a little dazed, lying on his side in the middle of the bed.

“So good,” Dorian sighed, reaching up when Bull leaned over to kiss him.

Afterglow never lasted long for him, though. He reached off the side of the bed for his clothes, which were in various piles on the floor.

“You heading out?” Bull asked.

“I should,” Dorian said.

“Why should you?”

“I don’t know. I just should,” he sighed.

“You don’t have to. Bed’s big enough for two,” Bull said.

Dorian considered it for a long moment. Though about what it would be like to wake up wrapped in all those pink blankets, curled into Bull’s side, his arm around him.

But it would be ridiculous. He couldn’t.

“I can’t.”

“At least let me walk you back?”

“I can handle myself,” Dorian said.

“You sure can, big guy.”

Dorian imagined himself crossing the room to the futon, bending over and taking Bull’s face in his hands to give him one last passionate kiss, a reminder of everything and a promise of something to come.

But he didn’t. He just put on his jacket, slung his bag over one shoulder, and headed for the door. “I’ll see you in class?”

“Yeah, yeah. Dorian.”

“Hm?”

“I told you, we’re not making this weird.”

“Right. Not weird,” Dorian said, as much to remind himself as to agree with Bull. “I’ll see you in class.”

“Mm. Text me, if you ever wanna do this again. I’d be up for it.”

“I will.”

Shit, Pavus, what *did* you get yourself into?

Author's Note:

Visit me on tumblr @weezna or on my NSFW tumblr @seldudla for more gay shit. Have fun. I love you.